THE UNSPOKEN NAME

TWENTY-FIVE hundred years ago a great soul nearly lost his faith. He looked out upon a world aflame—in which cruelty and force were conquering everywhere. He cried to God, and the heavens seemed empty. Where, he asked, was the God of righteousness who could allow such things to go on? The answer came in a single word: "Watch."

The man waited, and as he waited he studied the ways of the nations that seemed to be conquering, and he saw that in every evil deed lay the seed of its own destruction. Then he studied the ways of his God down through the ages; and in the end the man, who, as one writer said, might have begun as a lecturer upon the inconsistencies of the doctrine of the supposed government of God, ended by writing a great psalm of faith.

During the past four years thousands of souls have relived the experience of the old prophet. When the war began countless persons cried out that they had lost their faith; countless more had not even any faith to lose. To-day God has been rediscovered. Men have found Him individually in the earthquake and the fire. Now we are catching glimpses—sometimes clear, sometimes vague and distant—of his great working through the nations. One such instance with its deep lesson is described in the Record of Christian Work.

In the early days of the war, when Great Britain was calling its Indian troops to the colors, the Young Men's Christian Association asked permission to put a secretary upon each transport. The Indian government refused, fearing to offend the Hindu soldiers. Again the Association made the request, and again it was refused. The Association would not give up, and finally, after the seventh request, the government offered a compromise: it would permit the secretaries to go, but upon the condition that they should not mention the name of Jesus Christ. The Young Men's Christian Association considered the compromise long and earnestly, and finally agreed to it.

"Our secretaries," they promised, "shall not name the name of Jesus Christ, but they will live as nearly as they know how to live like Him."

So the secretaries went. At first it seemed as if there were nothing for them to do. Then a strange thing happened. The hair of the Indian soldiers had grown long and needed cutting, and there was no one to do it, for among Orientals a barber is the lowest man on earth; and although these soldiers were themselves of very low caste, there was no one of them who was low enough to act as barber for another. So came the opportunity of these university men. They began serving as barbers. It was not long before the soldiers began writing home:

"When we left there was no Mohammedan who cared for our souls, no Buddhists to look after us. But these Christians have been brothers to us. They have acted as servants to us. There is nothing they have not done for us. Put my daughter or my son into the missionary school. We want to know what the Christian religion is."

Two thousand years ago the greatest missionary the world has ever known wrote to one of his churches: "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ": speak his words, do his deeds, relive his character. Wherever in all the world the humblest soul does that, there will his kingdom begin to come, and there will faith shine clear.

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